Lawrence Democrat.

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LAWRENCEBURG. TENNESSEE.

BREAD-BAKER TO THE KING.

When I was very small indeed,
And even younger than my size,
I went out walking by myself,
To gather facts to make me wise.

I came unto a baker's shop,
Where I beheld the strangest thing:
A great gold sign whereon I read
"The Chief Bread-Baker to the King."

I went within and asked the man,
In all respect: "Can this be true?
Does ever any King eat bread,
The same as all the poor folk do?"

The baker was a flowery man,
As most men are who talk and bake;
And said: "It is a Fallacy
To judge that Kings consume but cake.

"Not only does the King eat bread,
But history states, and does not cheat,
There have existed certain Kings
Full glad to have some bread to eat!"

And while I stood a-wondering
Whatever *fallacy* might mean,
Behold I saw another sign
Whereon was: "Hatter to the Queen."

I sought the hatter 'mid his plumes
(Not knowing he was mad thereat,)
And asked: "Can it be really true
That any Queen puts on a hat?"

The hatter said indignantly:
"It is an error fit for clowns,
To think that Queens array their heads
Exclusively in golden crowns.

"Indeed there have existed Queens,
As in the chronicles 't is said,
Not only glad to have a hat,
But still more glad to have a head!"

A sadder and a wiser child,
I hied me home to think of things:
It seems so strange that Queens wear hats,
And bread is good enough for Kings!

—Valentine Adams, in St. Nicholas.

OLD HUMPHREY'S BELL.

The Money That Bought It Had Been Cursed.

Mr. Giles was seated alone in the tap room of St. Agnes inn, with his feet on the table, a half-filled mug of ale in his hand, and was looking through the open doorway at the fading sunlight, and wishing that some customer might call and drop a few shillings into his till. He was about finishing the ale, when the sound of steps without caused him to remove his feet from the table and to assume a more dignified and business-like attitude, by standing with his hands behind his back, and with an indifferent look on his face, as though independent of the entire world.

"Good evening, Mr. Giles," said the new-comer.

"Good evening, Parker, good evening," answered Mr. Giles. "Come in. What will you have, and what's the news?"

"Ale, Giles, and a bit of cheese. You ask for the news; then you haven't heard it?"

"Not a bit. What is it?"

"Old Humphrey."

"What of him?" asked Mr. Giles.

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead," repeated Mr. Parker, as he brought his hand down on the table with emphasis, as though driving the last nail into old Humphrey's coffin.

"When did he die?" asked Mr. Giles.

"An hour ago."

"Then many a secret dies with him, and I know some of them," said Mr. Giles, with a very knowing and mysterious shake of the head.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Nothing," was the very unsatisfactory answer.

"It must be something."

"No matter. What has he done with his money?" asked Mr. Giles.

"Divided it among some kinfolk in Wales, all excepting one hundred pounds."

"And pray, what's that for?"

"For the good of the parish," answered Mr. Parker.

"Then Heaven help the parish!"

"Giles, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, Parker, nothing. And what is the money for?"

"For a bell to be placed in the vacant tower of St. Agnes Church."

"Protection protect us! If it ever rings there it will be the death-knell of the church," said Mr. Giles.

"Mr. Giles, will you be kind enough to explain yourself? What do you mean?"

"That the parish musn't touch the money."

"Why?"

Mr. Giles looked about the room before answering, and then said: "Because it is cursed."

"Cursed, Giles! cursed did you say?"

"Yes, cursed; every penny of it. It will bring only mischief."

"Why cursed? How?" asked the other.

"There is blood on it. Red blood is on it, I tell you."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Parker.

"No doubt you don't understand. There is a great deal that you don't understand, Parker, a vast, great deal. But I tell you that I will never enter the church if a bell purchased with old Humphrey's money is ever hung in its tower!"

"You are very wrong, Giles. You are too hard on old Humphrey, who may have been a little wild a few years back, but of late, you know, he has been a sober and a well-behaved subject."

"I know he has, and I know a great deal more," was the answer.

"What is the matter with you, Giles? There is something on your mind, and I say out with it."

"Parker!"

"What, Giles?"

Mr. Giles again looked about the room, under the table, and out of the door before asking: "Do you see that road before this inn?"

"I do."

"It is the same road?"

"What same road?"

"The same road that has been there as long as we can remember."

"Certainly. But what of the road?"

"Can you remember, Parker? Do you recall the robberies that were committed on that road twenty years ago?"

"Yes."

"And the murders?"

"Yes."

"Who was the robber?" asked Mr. Giles.

"I don't know."

"Who was the murderer?"

"I don't know."

"I do," said Mr. Giles.

"Who?"

Mr. Giles dropped his voice into a low whisper, and answered: "Humphrey."

"Humphrey!" repeated the astonished Mr. Parker. "How do you know?"

"I know."

"But how?"

"Listen," said Mr. Giles, as he took his friend by the arm and drew him nearer. "About four years ago Humphrey was in here alone with me, as you are now, and had been drinking a great deal, as you have not. He was very talkative, and so drunk that he seemed to mistake me for some one else—for some companion of twenty years before—and he talked about robbery and murder."

"Well," put in Mr. Parker.

"He said that he had been the leader of the murdering gang," continued Mr. Giles, "and he kept referring to me to corroborate his stories."

"Why haven't you told of this before?" asked Mr. Parker.

"I didn't dare to so long as Humphrey lived. Indeed, no. My life wouldn't have been worth that pewter pot if I had. Humphrey was too drunk to remember what he had said, and I didn't propose reminding him of it."

"I rather think that he was so drunk that he imagined the whole thing," said Mr. Parker.

"Think of it as you will, think of it as you will, Parker. You will see, though, mark my words, mischief, and mischief alone, will come out of that bell. I have nothing more to say about it, and will have nothing more to do with it."

"You are silly, Giles. Because Humphrey may have done wrong is no reason that the church should not accept the bell."

"Have your own way, Parker, have your own way. But I tell you that the money came through evil, and that the bell will bring evil."

"You are a croaker," said Mr. Parker. "The bell will be swinging in the tower of St. Agnes before two months, and on Christmas day it will ring as merrily as any bell in all England."

"We'll see, Parker, we'll see."

So the conversation ended for that day, and the subject was not mentioned again for almost a month, when, one night, while the two friends were seated at a table in St. Agnes' inn, discussing the different brewings of all, the clerk of the parish entered.

"Good-evening, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Giles. "Take a seat and some ale, and tell us the London news. When did you get home?"

"This afternoon."

"What news about the casting of the bell?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Bad news," answered the clerk.

"I told you so," said Mr. Giles. "I told you so. What is it, Miller? Out with it."

"I went to see them pour the bell," replied the clerk, "and all was ready at three o'clock yesterday. The melted metal was in a huge pot that some workmen were swinging by a derrick into place to pour, when a chain parted, and the molten mass was spilled onto two of the men, killing them instantly."

"What did I tell you, Parker? What did I tell you?" asked Mr. Giles. "Didn't I say that it would bring evil? Here are two good lives sacrificed, and I fear that there will be more if the work is continued."

"They will try again next week," said Mr. Miller.

"They had better stop where they are. They had better stop," answered Mr. Giles.

Mr. Parker had nothing to say. He appeared very much affected by what he had heard, and began to fear that, perhaps, his friend Giles was right. But on that day two weeks he had forgotten his fears, and, entering the inn, in an exultant tone said: "The bell is here, Mr. Giles, and will be hung on the morrow. It is so large that we must build a scaffolding, and take it up outside of the tower and let it down through the roof. You must come and help."

"Not I, Parker, not I. I wouldn't touch a hand to it for all of the wealth in the parish."

"You are very silly, Mr. Giles. But come and see us hang it. There will be a fire in the church stove to keep your fingers warm."

"I wouldn't go into the church after the bell touches the grounds for all that could be offered to me, but I will be there to see."

"That is right, Mr. Giles; come and hear the bell ring a merry laugh at your fears."

On the next morning the bell was deposited at the foot of St. Agnes' tower, and the men who had gathered at the church were warming themselves at the fire inside, waiting for those who had not yet arrived; all, excepting Mr. Giles, who stood at some distance from the tower, looking upon the bell in a frightened manner, as though it was some sort of brass-jawed and iron-tongued wild beast ready to spring upon him. To Mr. Giles the bell was not a senseless mass of metal, but the incarnation of old Humphrey's evil deeds; and he was shaken by the very thought of its blasphemous voice calling the worshipers together. While he stood shaking his head at the bell, Mr. Parker come behind him and struck him on the shoulder. He started as though he thought that the bell had something to do with the blow he felt.

"Good morning, Giles," said Mr. Parker, "don't stand freezing here in the cold morning air. Come in and warm yourself, and give us a hand, and we will have the bell in place in no time."

"No, Parker, no. I wouldn't touch a hand to the thing for all of the royal treasure. And I would as soon think of entering the lower regions as that church."

"Just as you please," replied Mr. Parker. "Stay where you are for half an hour and you will see the bell swinging and hear its voice laughing at you."

Mr. Giles was left alone, and his friend went into the church and soon came out again followed by the others, and preparations were made to hoist the bell into position. Mr. Parker took his place on the top of the tower beside an impromptu crane that had been erected, with its projecting arm reaching out beyond the wall, and holding suspended a rope that was to draw up the bell. All was made ready. One end of the rope was securely fastened to the bell, while the other end, which had been run over a pulley on the crane above, was secured to a windlass on the ground. Eight men seized the arms of the windlass, and walked slowly around it. The bell began to rise and soon was swinging clear and then began to ascend. Higher and higher it went while Mr. Parker allowed the rope to pass through his hands, and gave directions to the men below.

Mr. Giles stood speechless, shading his eyes, and watching this monster of a bell suspended by the neck and swinging between sky and earth, and the thought came into his mind that such should have been the fate of old Humphrey.

The bell reached the top of the tower, and, slowly rising, was soon above it. Mr. Parker took a firm hold of the rope, and called for help to swing it over the parapet, that it might be lowered through the tower roof to the bearings prepared for it. He looked down at the motionless Mr. Giles, and waved his hand exultantly. Was it only imagination that caused Mr. Giles to think that the crane was vibrating, or was it actually moving? He thought he saw it leaning toward the church, and Mr. Parker appeared to be using all his strength to stay it. It was not imagination. The crane was toppling and being dragged by the weight of the bell. What was Mr. Parker's strength as compared with the gravity of that mass of brass? Nothing. The fastenings once loosened, a hundred men could not have held it. It must go. Mr. Giles saw this, and cried out with alarm. The men below jumped from under, and the ponderous bell and rope and crane swung partly around, with Mr. Parker still clinging on. He loosened his hold, but too late. He had been dragged beyond his balance, and conscious man went down with senseless metal. Not onto the ground, but onto and through the church roof.

The men rushed inside of the church, and the cry of "fire" was raised. They hurried for water. The bell had struck the stove, crushing it to the ground, and scattered its coals, which had lighted the surrounding wood and soon filled the church with flame and smoke. Water came too late. The church was doomed, and the men could do nothing but stand by and watch the devouring flames destroy their house of worship, and leave nothing standing save a few jagged pieces of wall.

"I told you so; I told you so," said Mr. Giles. "Poor Parker, he wouldn't believe me, and now where is he? Dead! His life is sacrificed, and the church is destroyed, all on account of that accursed bell, which I knew could never bring aught but evil."

When the fire subsided Mr. Parker's burned bones were found beside the bell, which was cracked from rim to top, and lay on its side deeply sunk into the ground. Not a man was found who would touch it, and there it was left amid the ruins of St. Agnes, and there it lies to this day on the ground that it cursed, and which it has made a place to be avoided, especially after nightfall, excepting by the ghost of old Humphrey, which is said to haunt the spot.—Harry C. Fulton, in Chicago Daily News.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A Curious Theory Presented by a Clergyman in Ireland.

Rev. J. S. Vaughan discusses in the Dublin Review a curious question in religion. His theory is that the resurrection of the body solves the problem of the final destiny of the earth, and he bases it on "the teaching of sound theologians" and the "accepted truths of science." In brief, it is that when the archangel sounds the last trump and summons the dead to arise from their graves and come to judgment the whole of this planet will vanish with them, for their bodies will comprise all the matter of which it is composed.

This novel position is based on statistics and science and is defended with the exactness of mathematical calculations. He notes the tendency of science to reduce substances heretofore regarded as elementary, and argues that in the end only one universal elemental substance will be recognized. Next he refers to "the scientific fact that the absolute amount of matter, or, in other words, the sum total of all that exists in the material universe, is ever a constant quantity." Nothing new, he argues, is created except human souls, and they are put in "earthly tabernacles kneaded together from existing matter" and subject to the laws of matter.

He makes these remarkable deductions from the facts already given. The weight of the earth is 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The population of the earth in the year 6000 will be 320,000,000,000,000,000. Unless every one of these people returned his body to the earth, he remarks, "there would be a steady and inconvenient diminution of its bulk." As the dead multiply the entirety of existing matter will be absorbed by their bodies. Hence the conclusion that the earth must disappear with the dead. "When every soul of man that has ever lived, from Adam to the final crack of doom, has claimed his body," says Mr Vaughan, "will there be any thing at all left of the present little orb on which we dwell?" His answer is that nothing—absolutely nothing—will remain.

Mr. Vaughan thinks he can even compute the day of judgment. It will come, he says, "when so many persons shall have lived from the beginning that, on reclaiming their bodies, the whole substance of the earth will be utilized in meeting the demand."

MAN'S TENDENCY UPWARD.

The Growth of Civilization Under Most Unfavorable Conditions.

Nothing is more evident from history than the fact that weaker bodies of men driven out by stronger do not necessarily relapse into barbarism, but frequently rise, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, to a civilization equal or superior to that from which they have been banished. Out of very many examples showing this law of upward development, a few may be taken as typical. The Slavs, who sank so low under the pressure of stronger races that they apparently gave the modern world a new word to express the most hopeless servitude, have developed powerful civilizations peculiar to themselves; the barbarian tribes who, ages ago, took refuge amid the sand-banks and morasses of Holland, have developed one of the world's leading centers of civilization; the wretched peasants who about the fifth century took refuge from invading hordes among the lagoons and mud-banks of Venetia developed a power in art, arms and politics which is among the wonders of human history; the Puritans, driven from the civilization of Great Britain to the unfavorable climate, soil and circumstances of early New England; the Huguenots, driven from France, a country admirably fitted for the highest growth of civilization, to various countries far less fitted for such growth; the Irish peasantry, driven in vast numbers from their own island to other parts of the world, on the whole less fitted to them—all are proofs that, as a rule, bodies of men once enlightened, when driven to unfavorable climates and brought under the most depressing circumstances, not only retain what enlightenment they have, but go on increasing it.—Andrew D. White, in Popular Science Monthly.

COURTSHIP IN HOLLAND.

Tobacco Plays an Important Part in Forming Engagements.

Thackeray explained the prejudice of ladies against tobacco as being due to the superior claims of the latter on the affections of young men. Yet the great novelist could not but have known that in many countries tobacco plays a very important part as a preliminary to courtship and the closer union of the sexes.

In certain parts of Holland when a young man thinks he has found his affinity it is customary for him to call for a match to light his cigar at the door of his loved one's house. This little subterfuge is intended to arouse the parents of the girl to the fact that something is in the wind. If a second call with a similar object is made soon after, no doubt is left of the young man's intentions, and the parents proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents, with a view of ascertaining his eligibility as a member of the family.

When he calls the third time, always for a match to light his cigar, they are prepared to give him an answer. If his suit is regarded with favor he is politely requested to step inside for the first time, and is served with a light. If he is not accepted he is refused a light, and the door is shut in his face without further ceremony. But, having prepared for this contingency, the downcast suitor will in all probability light his weed with a match from his own box and walk away musing on the transitory nature of all earthly things.

When the accepted suitor is invited to enter the house, he, as a matter of course, informs the parents which of their daughters has captivated his fancy. When this is settled the young woman steps forward and they join hands. While the engagement is by no means considered a settled fact even at this important stage, yet it is stated as a truth that when, on the occasion of the young man's third visit, his inamorata has offered him a second cigar, which he has smoked in the house, the engagement has never been canceled.

ROUSING THE LION.

Why Mr. Terry Will Paint the Streets of Detroit Red with Blood.

"I was a-going along," he said within hearing of a Detroit Free Press man as he stood at the sergeant's desk in the Woodbridge street station—"I was a-going along, saying nothing to nobody, when a feller as was a-standing in a doorway calls out to me:

"'Hello! Pumpkins, how's your maf'

"My name is not Pumpkins; my name is Terry."

"'I see,' said the sergeant.

"And my ma has been dead for twenty-three years."

"'Yes.'

"And in a very genteel way I explained to the stranger that he had made a mistake."

"'Yes.'

"But what does he do but beg my pardon and call me Mr. Hayseed. That is not my name; my name is Terry. He calls me Hayseed, and wants to know how the squash crop is coming on."

"'I see.'

"I saw that he was mistaken, and I tells him so, but what does he do but begs my pardon again and call me Mr. Turniptop, and ask the price of cabbages."

"'I see. You hit him?'

"No. I comes down here for advice."

"'Advice about what?'

"As to whether he was making fun of me and I should give him the all-firedest licking a feller ever got."

"'Why, certainly.'

"Very well. I will return. I will smash him. I will knock his head off. I will render him a wreck."

He started out and was gone ten minutes. Then he returned and said:

"Couldn't find him, but I'll leave my coat, vest, collar and tie here and go out and walk up and down and let some other feller tackle me. I think there's a feller on the corner now who'll call me Mr. Cornstalk and want to know if the price of tater-bugs has riz, and you telephone for a doctor and watch my smoke."

NOBLE MISS GARY.

The Daughter of a Chicago Judge Relieves a Sick Seamstress.

Miss Fannie Gary, a young and wealthy lady of Chicago, worked two weeks recently in a common tailor shop of that city. The story is a pretty one, with an heroic vein running through it. Mary Anderson worked in the shop referred to, and three weeks ago Miss Gary noticed that Miss Anderson was going rapidly into a decline by reason of the hard work and long hours of the shop, so she proposed sending her to a pleasant summer resort to recuperate.

"I can't go," said the girl. "The boss tailor will not let me leave unless I find some one to take my place, and I can't find anybody."

Miss Gary promptly met the case.

"You go," she replied, "and I will take your place."

Miss Anderson went to the country and Miss Gary went to the tailor shop. For two weeks she left her pleasant home every morning at six o'clock, clad in a neat, plain black dress, and found her way to the shop. She stitched all day long at the coarse cloth, reaching her home again at seven o'clock in the evening. It was not until Miss Anderson returned from her summer vacation that it was whispered about that the daughter of Judge Gary had been working for two weeks in a Division street tailor's shop.

Such a noble act of self-sacrifice will not, perhaps, rank in the estimation of many with the daring acts of a Grace Darling or an Ida Lewis, but for all that it suggests much food for very pleasant reflection.

Curious Bird's Nests.

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society, says Chambers Journal, the photograph of a curious form of bird's nests was exhibited by Prof. Flower. The nest was that of a horn-bill from South Africa, which bird lays its eggs in a hole in a tree trunk. After the female bird has begun to sit her companion walls her in by filling up the aperture in the tree with clay, leaving a small opening, through which he passes to her [illegible] supply of food.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

A New York paper contains an article entitled "Why Cats Are Thin." Joughnes says cats are thick enough around his place. —Norristown Herald.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When a man and woman have been made one the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one.—Yonkers Statesman.

Deliverance!

The shackles are strong, and forged by neglect, if liver complaint has enchained you. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters breaks them easily and without loss of time. Pains in the right side, yellowness of the skin, constipation and dyspepsia attending biliousness, are annihilated by this grand alterative. Incomparably useful is it, too, in rheumatism, malaria, debility and kidney complaints.

"There's nothing like making a good impression," remarked the burglar, as he took the lump of wax from the lock.

Dobbins' Electric Soap does not chap the hands, being *perfectly pure.* Many people afflicted with Salt Rheum have been cured by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes. Have your grocer order it and try it *now.*

It was the women who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—N. Y. Ledger.

If you are tired taking the large old fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

"Are the winters cold in Arkansas?" "I'm not sure; but they always have Hot Springs."

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar *instanter.* Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

When all the cars are run by electricity, the term "lightning express" will be no misnomer.—Boston Gazette.

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

Society dinners, horse-races, human events and love are all matters of course.—Binghamton Leader.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

The somerset-man at the circus seems to live by jumping his board.—Elmira Gazette.

A. N. K.—E. 1314

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